

KEYSTONE

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CPCC  
035  
2000

Keystone





MILLENNIUM ISSUE





MMER THEATRE  
TS JULY 19-29  
BROTHERS



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Keystone Magazine

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## ART JUDGE

## YUNG SHENG TSAO

Yung Sheng is an artist and designer with thirty years experience in the creative arts world and has won numerous prestigious national awards for his work. Currently, Yung Sheng is the principal of YST & Associates, an advertising design firm headquartered in Charlotte. In judging the art competition, Yung Sheng based his decisions primarily on the control of technique and visual impact. He believes that with so many fine works of art, this year's Keystone exhibit will be a great success.





"We don't know who we are until we see what we can do."

-Martha Grimes



## Shirley Bullock

Shirley has been taking "general art classes just for the pleasure of it." Her painting *The Pear* started as a class assignment with which she felt very limited in what she could do with only a piece of fruit. As her work progressed, however, Shirley "became aware of the details and complexities inherent in even as simple an object as a pear." She became obsessed with making it come alive on the canvas. Besides painting and drawing, Shirley also enjoys woodcarving, sewing and gardening. Shirley believes "What you get out of life is the direct result of what you put into life," and one of her goals for the future is to become the best artist she can be.



THE PEAR



oil on canvas, 18" x 24"



# second place



JOHN PFLUG

John spent decades working, traveling, raising children, and making false starts in drawing before finding that taking classes at CPCC was just what he needed. He especially enjoyed Elizabeth Ross' painting class and says, "It gave me the time, structure and encouragement to really work at it and learn." John finds it interesting how everyone who looks at his piece, *Portal*, sees something different. He remembers how, as he worked on the painting, "it seemed to stir up personal stories" from his classmates. John agrees with the words of one unknown orator who said: "Each person has a choice in life. Approach it as a creator or critic, a lover or hater, a giver or taker."

PORTAL



oil on canvas, 20" x 24"





acrylic on paper, 5" x 5.5"

## LORI LYTTLE

Lori, knowing she was an artist at the age of four, made her career decision early. She received her Bachelor of Science in Painting and Graphic Design from Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Lori plans to continue painting and would also like to explore the art of printmaking. Her use of the vessel as subject matter goes back to the early 1990's when it was introduced as a group theme show subject. Lori says, "I like to stick with the same subject – evolution." Her knife painting *Vessel* began with this theme.





# HONORABLE MENTION

## BLUEBERRIES



NAM NGUYEN

paint on canvas, 40" x 30"

**Jane Love**  
*Sisters*

**Carolyn Ison**  
*Beginnings*

**Carol Pighin**  
*Insight*

**John Puzsier**  
*Still Life*

**Iun-Ru Chiao**  
*Dolls*

**Elaine Martone**  
*"Kata," Greek Cat*

**M.J. Cunningham**  
*King of Kings*

**Maria Elena Lozano**  
*Déjà vu*

**Kathleen Kelley**  
*Landscape Through Colorful Eyes*



## POETRY JUDGE

RON RASH

Ron, a past winner of a National Endowment for the Arts Poetry Fellowship, is the author of two books of poetry: *Eureka Mill* (Bench Press, 1998) and *Among the Believers* (Iris Press, 2000). A native of Boiling Springs, North Carolina, Ron lives in Pendleton, South Carolina, where he is an English instructor at Tri-County Technical College. Commenting on this year's poetry competition, he says, "I was impressed with the high level of writing." Ron is currently working on a collection of short stories, which he hopes to have published soon.

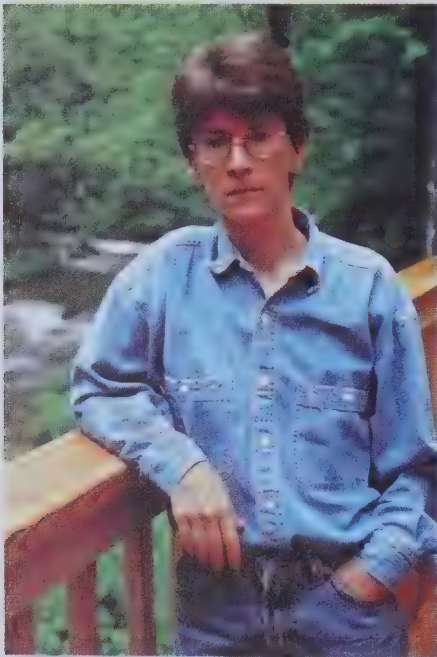




# first place

## MELISSA SAWYER

Melissa wrote the poem *Her Vanity* for her creative writing class. Her assignment was to describe the process of writing poetry. "The theme got lost in the metaphor," Melissa says. "And the poem decided to go in a different direction." She is pleased with how well the structure and sound of the piece work together. Melissa, a College Transfer student, hasn't decided what she wants to be when she grows up. When told she should be a writer, she says, "I would love that, but I also love having electricity and food to eat." Melissa tries to always remember that she only has one life and it's meant for enjoying. She keeps in mind the words of her writing teacher, Irene Honeycutt: "Shake it out." To Melissa that means, pay attention to the important things and get rid of all the rest. "It's great advice," she says. "Not just for writing, but for living."



"Keep it clean. Keep it Simple. Forget about impressing.  
Leave something unsaid."

-Charles Swindoll

## Her Vanity

A comb for untangling  
sleepy knotted tresses.

A soft brush  
to add some shine.  
A hand-held mirror,  
with artful angling,  
lets one view  
what lies behind.

An oval tray holds  
crystal spritzers,  
a single earring,  
a strand of pearls.  
Pots of colors  
march in line  
past souvenirs  
and bits of her.

A brass-legged perch  
where a whorish bird  
is meta-forced  
from a little girl.  
A reflection wedged  
inside photo gray,  
curls and colors  
around the edge.



# second place

## Joey

I was going steady with your best friend when I met you,  
Your deep brown eyes, jet black hair, dark, lean body - full of life.  
He didn't stand a chance and soon we were one.

Down at the pool hall on River Avenue, you were lethal with  
that cue stick, and you taught me well.  
I remember the first time I beat you, the fire in your eyes  
until you remembered that it was you who taught me.

We walked to you father's grill on Third Avenue,  
I still think the cheeseburger you made for me that day  
was the best live ever eaten.  
You put me in a cab, kissed me goodbye, touched the  
tip of my nose with your index finger, brought it to your lips.

Time, like so many off seasons, was not kind.  
Your hair grew long, your body lankier. Your movements  
slowed. I moved to Queens, went to college, you went to work -  
where? I still don't know. Did you ever work?  
I can't recall.

Then the drugs came, first just pot, then the hard stuff.  
Your already lanky frame became concave, your cheeks hollow.  
Your hair grew as long as mine, tied back with a rubber band.  
You sat more, usually in corners, becoming one with sofas and chairs.

You begged me to go to that New Year's party with you, promising,  
swearing to stay straight. Through the East Village we walked, arm in arm,  
stirring up old feelings like when we met.

Five floors we walked up, into the mouth of hell, to three rooms of  
furniture shards, cowering lights, stale smells. But you had promised.  
In the dimness I searched for you, and there, like a drunk in a doorway,  
you crouched, vacant and huddled, a needle in your arm.

You nearly died that night, and you lost me forever.  
Sobbed pleas fell on deaf ears; I was gone, walking through the snow  
across the West Village to the train, anger so deep that  
snow melted beneath my boots.

Another apartment, this one in the Bronx, also naked and ashamed.  
Beds for curtains, mattresses on the floor, bearded pizza in the frig.  
I took you to the methadone clinic where you were home  
among the still breathing tombstones.

Your skin hung, yellow and dry, pants held up with notches cut  
with a knife, tee shirt revealing only dried bones, hair lifeless and dull.  
I sat in the car, seeing your shadow through the liquid of brimming tears.  
I didn't go back in, just watched you fade into the bricks.



## LOUANN GALANTY

Louann graduated from UNCC in the mid 1980's. Deciding to take some Spanish courses at CPCC, she found a creative writing class that fit into her schedule. Although Lou has been writing all her life, it has always been for herself. "Now," she says, "I'm learning to write with an audience in view." One of Lou's first writing assignments was to write a "letter poem" to someone in her past. She wrote to an old boyfriend, Joey. For Lou it became an incredibly emotional poem. "Because," she explains, "It's very real, and I re-lived old feelings as I wrote it." Lou believes, "We should live our own lives, not waste time chasing after the Jones. She quotes Charles Schultz's character, Snoopy: "the grass is always greener on the other side until you get there and realize it's artificial turf"



# third place

## A LITANY OF MISSY'S WOES

(A PANTOUM DELIVERED)

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH GROWING OLDER  
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE FALLING APART  
THIS IMAGE IN THE MIRROR SUCKS FOR AIR  
I THINK I'LL HAVE ANOTHER CIGARETTE

EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE FALLING APART  
I'M TIRED OF SITTING IN DOCTORS' RECEPTION ROOMS  
I THINK I'LL HAVE ANOTHER CIGARETTE  
DOES ANYBODY HAVE A MATCH?

I'M TIRED OF SITTING IN DOCTORS' RECEPTION ROOMS  
MY ARTHRITIC KNEES DON'T WANT TO BEND ANYMORE  
DOES ANYBODY HAVE A MATCH?  
THERE'S SO MUCH JUNK IN MY KNAPSACK

MY ARTHRITIC KNEES DON'T WANT TO BEND ANYMORE  
MY EYES CAN'T SEE FOR ALL THE FLOATERS OUT THERE  
THERE'S SO MUCH JUNK IN MY KNAPSACK  
I CAN'T FIND MY EYE DROPS OR PAINKILLERS

MY EYES CAN'T SEE FOR ALL THE FLOATERS OUT THERE  
HORMONE IMBALANCE IS GIVING ME MOOD SWINGS  
I CAN'T FIND MY EYE DROPS OR PAINKILLERS  
BUT HERE ARE MY ESTROGEN PILLS

HORMONE IMBALANCE IS GIVING ME MOOD SWINGS  
MY HUSBAND THINKS MY BOOBS ARE GROWING  
BUT HERE ARE MY ESTROGEN PILLS  
SOMETHING'S GOT TO BALANCE THINGS OUT

MY HUSBAND THINKS MY BOOBS ARE GROWING  
THIS IMAGE IN THE MIRROR SUCKS FOR AIR  
SOMETHING'S GOT TO BALANCE THINGS OUT  
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH GROWING OLDER

-LOUANN GALANTY

## Honorable Mention

**Kathleen Kelley**  
*As I Dance*

**Fred Vander Weide**  
*Cannalillas*

**Melissa Sawyer**  
*Walking the Beach*

**Cindy Baugus**  
*Lately*

**Fred Vander Weide**  
*Lay Your Hands on Me*



## SCULPTURE JUDGE

### BRENT SkidMORE

Brent, former CPCC instructor, received his Master of Fine Arts Sculpture from Indiana University. His work has been exhibited widely across the United States and has also appeared in Finland. Among his many honors, he is the 1999 recipient of *Creative Loafing's* Critics' Choice Award for Best Local Visual Artist. Brent and his work have been featured in numerous publications across the Southeast and Midwest, and he has taught woodworking, furniture making, sculpture and 3-D design courses. Currently, he is a full-time studio artist based in Charlotte where he manipulates "humor, awkward form relationships and the use of color" to create his unique pieces.





# first place

## INTRUSION



*found metal objects, 12' x 10' x 24'*





## Effort

"Life beats down and crushes the soul  
and art reminds you that you have one."

- Stella Adler



cast bronze figures, found objects, constructed metal base, 5'5" x 3'



## Amy Halford

Amy is a wife, mother, student, teacher, and observer. Not wanting to miss anything, she tries to remain open-minded and interested in her surroundings. Her piece *Intrusion* began as an exercise in metal assemblage. Amy was surprised when she realized that her work seemed to express the loss of freedom and the violent intrusion she had forgotten she felt, when oil derricks invaded the orange groves surrounding her childhood home. She believes her piece represents the intrusions of man on nature, of government on man, adult on child, or country on country, and we should not forget that intrusion "is a violation when felt personally and a violent act when it causes harm." Amy's sculpture brings to life the words of actress/director Stella Adler: "Life beats down and crushes the soul and art reminds you that you have one." Amy has discovered, through her study of sculpture, that "what looks simple or easy to achieve is far more difficult" than she realized. She believes her piece *Effort* "portrays the energy and desire involved in achieving a goal. The effort it takes to rise above a problem to solve it." More specifically, the cast bronze figures at the top of the piece symbolize "the effort it takes to work with a partner to realize a goal, and the effort it takes to understand that that union makes the goal easier to achieve."



# third place

## MARY MASON

Mary hopes to teach ceramics someday and says, "I am working on becoming a skilled artist, not just a craftsman." She earned a Bachelor of Science in Art from Western Michigan University and has been studying pottery making at CPCC to improve her skills. She has become interested in organic forms and began working with mushroom shapes, altering them to make them more fluid and exaggerated. To create *Turtle Dove*, Mary used a core 6 clay body and her own glaze, which she has been developing for her pieces. Mary says, "My intent in my artwork is to create a spiritual experience for the viewer, creating curiosity and feelings of gratification and tranquility."

TURTLE DOVE



ceramic sculpture, 14" x 6"



## Honorable Mention

**Mary Clark**  
*Wavy Platter*



## PROSE JUDGE

Jo Auchincloss

Jo, a native New Englander, received her degree in Literature and Philosophy from Colby College in Waterville, Maine. Before migrating south, she served for many years as Director of Publications at The Emma Willard School in Troy, New York, where she was responsible for the writing, editing, layout, and design of all the school's publications. In judging this year's prose competition, Jo primarily looked for sustained voice and says, "All the winners definitely deserved to be rated." Jo, an active member of a local reading group, shares her Charlotte home with her adopted cats, Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell.





"Open it!" Ronald's eyes were wide, as always, dancing as they met first Harv's left, then right pupil. Harv eyed Ronald suspiciously, the wind whipping his unkempt hair around his eyes. "No," he said, less forcefully than he would have liked.

Ronald sucked his teeth, then licked his chapped and peeling lips. He reached for the lacy parcel. "Then give it here, man." He snatched it from Harv's soft hands. "Wuss."

Harv sucked his teeth in return. Ronald turned to him, disbelieving, frail little body tensed to attack, as he was always prepared to do, even against sixth- and seventh-graders. Then he paused. "Do it again."

Harv stood up straight, his rail-thin frame threatening to fly off the tarry roof on which they stood with the next gust of wind. He sucked his teeth again, trying to imitate the sharp smack that expertly spat from Ronald's mouth, trying to have an attitude. After all, as Ronald always said, if you were "gonna hang with a brutha you might as well have the attitude to match."

Their eyes locked for a moment, then Ronald burst out laughing, holding his swollen little belly, doubled over with spasms of mirth. "What...what was...what was that?" He managed to say with what breath remained between giggles.

"Shut up," replied Harv, feelings hurt, but not scarred.

Ronald fell to his knees, laughing silently, shoulders bouncing under his stained and holed tee shirt. "That was...o lord." Ronald plopped on his behind, slapping the faded knees of his favorite burgundy corduroys. "That was...the sorriest...ever...honky teethsucking...I ever heard, man!"

Harv was half-smiling now, his breath coming in little chuckles. "Shut up."

Ronald continued his jovial seizures, now on his back, rolling back and forth on the dirty roof. Harv's chuckles were now maturing to laughs and soon both of the boys were caught in a rapture of giggles, which, of course, lasted several minutes.

Finally Ronald sighed, which always signaled the end of a good belly-aching round of laughter. "Jesus you are sorry, Harv."

"Shut up." Harv sat down, then leaned back, hands resting on the slightly spongy tar, fingers absently running over the tiny grit. He glanced around at the Bronx as seen from the top of Ronald's building, staring silently at the 4 train as it clattered by a block away down Jerome Avenue, its brick-red cars streaking by the dull silver sky of mid-autumn. Once, maybe last summer...he couldn't remember...he and Ronald and Ronald's grandmama, when she was still alive, took a trip down to Yankee Stadium to see Reggie and the rest of the Yanks. They rode that train, or one that looked like it at least. Grandmama walked slowly, like she always did, all the way to the front of the platform, one child on each hand. Their hands were still sticky from the ices they got on the corner of Fordham and Walton from the Spanish guy with the big moustache (it must have been summer then). They got on the very first car - it was empty and she let them run around and swing on the shiny metal handrails like her "little monkeys." Then Ronald peeked in the window of the conductor's compartment and raced back, screaming that the man was in there. Of course, the man let them in, smiling with big sideburns, like Harv wanted, and a gap in his teeth, like Ronald had. All the knobs and buttons and the levers and the radio...Harv ginned. One day he would drive a train, then say when the stops were coming, then stop the train perfect, let everybody on, then take them all to Yankee Stadium.

But that was all before Grandmama died and Ronald had to go back to live with his real Mama. Then Ronald got real skinny with a swollen little belly. And he coughed a lot. And he wore the same clothes - sometimes real dirty - for sometimes a whole week. And he started being mean to the kids. And he started fighting a lot. But Harv would always be Ronald's friend. It was like Ronald said: "We gotta stick together you and me. It's what brothers do. Even if you're a honky, you're still my brother."

Harv wondered what Grandmama would think of her monkeys now, tramping around on the roof.

The next gust of wind tore across the roof unbounded, sending Harv's hair into a frenzy, and gently tugging at Ronald's dented afro. Ronald ignored the lacy treasure for the moment and was now intently picking at a scab on his left ring knuckle, a remnant of last Wednesday's brawl with the fat sixth-grade kid.

Harv gazed at him a moment, then up into the sky.

Harv loved Wednesdays. Of course, it was Wednesdays that the boys got together - when Harv's brother came to see his girl Stacy, who lived on the other side of Ronald's building. Wednesdays, after school, Ronald would be waiting by the lobby door for Harv, eyes wide with excitement. They would race up the five flights of stairs (Ronald sometimes letting Harv win), then plop down and watch Tom and Jerry or Mighty Mouse for as long as they could - until the buzzer would ring, and some man (always a different one) would come to see Ronald's Mama. Of course, she'd throw them out, then they'd wander around the building a bit, then venture out onto the roof where, of course, they weren't allowed, but nobody seemed to care anyway so...

That's the way it was today, too. Except the buzzer wasn't working right and Ronald's Mama - "Sasha," according to Ronald, the name the men called her - had to go downstairs to open for her man-friend.

The boys sat there on the dusty wooden floor, entranced by the black-and-white cube with the bad reception, static springing from the crooked hanger plunged into the antenna port. Sasha emerged from her den in response to the whiny signal emanating from the intercom in the foyer. Harv stared as she sashayed in front of the TV, a sheer nightgown caressing her bare sagging breasts, round midsection; bikini panties barely clinging to her jiggling and bulbous behind. Her afro had a healthy sheen to it; her lips were pink, freshly glossed, moist-looking; her cheeks were stained with rouge, as if she were blushing in embarrassment for all the men she entertained. Her eyes were always half closed, with lashes long and curling up to almost her eyebrow. She whispered past the boys and into the foyer, Harv hearing the closet door open and close as Sasha extracted and slid into her fake fur coat. Her voice floated on the musty air: "You boys gotta get out now, you hear?"

Ronald ignored her, head tilted upward, jaw agape and mouth in a silly looking half grin as Jerry wordlessly pounded on Tom. He remained this way until the front door creaked and slammed shut, rattling the peeling dirty yellowing walls. Then he jumped to his feet, running to Sasha's bedroom, grumpy Keds squeaking with each step.

Harv's eyes watched him, then he, of course, followed.

The room was dim, teasingly lit by the light filtering in from the solitary window, leading to the fire escape. Ronald was a shadow in the far left corner. "Ronald?" Harv could hear dresser drawers opening and closing, Ronald searching through fabric. Harv cleared his throat. "Ronald...whatcha doing?"



ANTHONY RODRIGUEZ drew on his experiences in growing up as an inner-city kid to create *Philia*, a story "about a brotherly bond that can exist between anyone, regardless of race or background or trauma." Anthony believes nothing can be accomplished without the love and support of special individuals. "For me," he says, "those are my family and friends and my one and only." Anthony is majoring in Information Systems and currently serves as news editor for *Spark*, CPCC's newsmagazine. He served as literary editor for *Keystone '99* and enjoys the whole creative process, particularly in the composition and production of music. Anthony quotes poet Silvia Curbelo: "The heart is an odd museum." Then he adds, "Because it is. It's imperfect, savagely flawed, yet beautiful and from where all art is born."

"The heart is an odd museum."

-Silvia Curbelo



Nothing.

Harv stood there in the doorway, listening to the rummaging, right hand absently picking at the peeling paint. Ronald was mumbling something to himself, then he yelped. “Stupid splinter.” His voice seemed tiny, far away. He kept moving fabric. Harv tried again. “Watcha doing?”

Ronald sighed, then sucked his teeth. “Shut *up* man! God!”

“Sorry.”

More rummaging, then: “Got it.” Ronald ran towards the door, tugging at Harv’s multi-colored shirtsleeve. “Come on!”

Harv almost fell down, Ronald was so strong, but he didn’t. “Where are we going?”

“The roof, man. Here. Hold this.” Ronald shoved a peach, soft, lace-fringed object into Harv’s hands. Ronald ran to the front door, opened it despite the squeaks of protest, disappearing up the stairs to the roof.

Harv followed, and found himself in the gray-used-to-be-white tiled hallway, looking at the package in his hands, bewildered. He stayed this way until Sasha’s voice filtered up the stairwell. She was speaking low, but Harv could hear her so she must be close. She was intermittently interrupted by a man’s voice; deep...every time he talked she laughed. Harv sneaked towards the stairs leading to the roof. She couldn’t see him. If she did, she’d pop him good. She was always popping Ronald for no reason at all, and she popped Harv a few times too when the boys were at it together. Either way, the boys were *not* allowed to be around when the men were.

The roof door clanged behind him, and the wind attacked him. Ronald’s wide, wild eyes met him.

“Hey.” Ronald crawled over to Harv on hands and knees, not caring that he was getting his favorite pants even dirtier. “I’m gonna open it.”

The boys giggled in contagious excitement, faces nearly touching, little bodies sheltering their booty from the now raging wind. Harv watched in earnest as Ronald pinched some of the peach fabric with thumb and pointer, and shook the parcel open. The packaging was one of Sasha’s bras. Out spilled a wonderful treasure: two funny-looking cigarettes, a silver square with a circular outline and indentation in the middle, a bag filled with what looked like dirt, and a book of matches.

Harv picked up the silver square, examining it in the waning light. His eyes asked the question.

Ronald laughed. “Don’t you remember? When we were on the fire escapes...Sasha...”

Harv jumped with realization. “Ooooooooooh.” They had spent that day on the fire escapes, peeking in on strangers. On the fourth try they saw Sasha, kissing some man furiously, his hands all over her body. Her head ducked to his waist, and after a bit she magically produced a silver square, which she tore open with her teeth, revealing a one-fingered glove she put on the man’s organ. They rolled around on the bed a lot after that, with her making all these noises.

Ronald smirked. “Yeah. Oh.” He slyly glanced at Harv. “Look – I’ll show you how to put it on.” He snatched the square, then began fumbling with his buckle.

Harv laughed, pushing Ronald. “Stupid.”

Ronald tore open the square, then unrolled the glove. “Watch this.” He hooked one end over his left thumb, pulling on the opposite side with his right hand. When he let go, the glove sailed towards the edge of the roof, the furious wind grabbing it, snatching it out of sight. Ronald’s eyes stayed in that direction for a moment, tearing slightly. “I hate her.”

Harv woefully eyed his friend, then changed the subject, like he always did when Ronald got like this. He pointed towards the bag of dirt. “What’s that?”

“Huh? Oh.” Ronald palmed the clear plastic bag, holding up to his nose. “Yuck. Here...smell.” He shoved it towards Harv.

The semi-sweet odor invaded Harv’s nostrils and he coughed. Ronald responded by sniffing it again. He wrinkled his nose, falling to his back, playing dead. He received the usual ovation of chuckles from Harv. Rolling back to a sitting position, Ronald flung the bag over the same side of the roof. He looked greedily at the cigarettes. “This is what I wanted.” He gingerly picked them up off the tar, handing one to Harv. “This is yours.” Ronald stuck the other one into his lips, letting it dangle. “Well...”

Harv looked at the skinny stick. “Well what?”

“Light it.”

“You light yours. These things look funny.”

Ronald sucked his teeth, then, not without difficulty, lit his cigarette. He inhaled, setting off a series of hacking coughs. After a couple of seconds he ran over to the edge of the roof, puking off the building into their alley below. He stayed like that, his head over the edge, for a long, long time.

Harv stood, fearfully staring at Ronald’s back. He flung his cigarette off the opposite side of the roof. Harv cleared his throat. “Hey Ronald? Um...I don’t think we should...I mean...I don’t think these’re like the other smokes we’ve done and – ”

Ronald cut him off with a shrill scream – a warrior’s crazed cry. His head popped up from behind the ledge and he ran over to his friend. “Oh my lord these are different! Look man! I ain’t even cold...don’t even feel the wind.... this is so groovy...try Harv, try.”

Harv hesitatingly took the skinny smoke from Ronald. “Try it!” Ronald’s voice assaulted him. Harv gave in, bringing the smoldering cigarette to his lips, inhaling slowly, tasting the smoke that was like the dirt smelled, feeling his lungs expanding, then contracting in violent little bursts. He coughed, handing the smoke back to Ronald, who gleefully inhaled again. Harv stood there, feeling the wind fling his hair every which way; feeling the goosebumps form, even under his shirtsleeves. Ronald was laughing, but he was sounding farther and farther away. The wind was getting louder. And the tar felt like his bed and he wanted to jump and jump and do somersaults and to fly and...Harv needed to inhale again. He snatched the smoke and inhaled once, twice, thrice.... There. ...and to fly and to take Ronald away from Sasha and to stop the train from hitting the lady like Mighty Mouse which seemed awfully funny, the possibility of seeing someone get hit by a train, though he didn’t know why cause it would hurt the person but if he could fly he couldn’t get hit by a train and he wouldn’t even have to *drive* the train to go to Yankee Stadium he’d just fly and take Ronald away from this bad place and fly. Harv could see the wind gray and brown and black and gray and brown and all he had to do was fly cause the wind was telling him to it was telling him to fly it was telling him to

Just walk up to the ledge.

Feel the wind.

Was Ronald talking?

And fly.

Harv’s feet slipped, and then his chin hurt – something must have hit him – and little yellow spots swam in the black as the wind roared around him.

Ronald had seen Harv’s eyes glaze after he took the second and third and fourth drags, and Ronald laughed and laughed and laughed. He fell on his behind, he was laughing so hard. Harv was just standing there, smiling, eyes almost closed. Ronald inhaled a few more times, stopped laughing, then started again...

Then Harv started walking towards the ledge. This was *really* funny. Tears were streaming down Ronald’s grimy cheeks. Harv climbed onto the ledge slowly, and everything got blurry, and Ronald had to wipe his eyes to see.

And Harv was gone.

Ronald laughed again. Where did that honky run off too? Ronald staggered to his feet, peeking around the black filthy chimneys, looking for the Technicolor little white boy. He chuckled. Then giggled. Ronald sneaked over to the graffiti-decorated doorway leading back into the building. He paused, listened, heard nothing but the wind, then flung the door back, expecting to see Harv slyly crouched by the stairs, trying to scare him.

All that greeted him was the bare gently swaying light bulb, a circle of its yellow illumination dancing on the dirty tiles. Ronald was quiet. “Ha...Harv?” His own voice – awfully scared-sounding – echoed back. The wind tore the door from his hands, slamming it too loudly. Ronald repeated his summons to the still-deserted roof. The wind answered, growling silence. Ronald dropped the cigarette on the ground. “Harv?” His voice cracked.



The wind hit our sun-kissed cheeks as we galloped horseback through tall yellow grass. It was March 14, 1992, a Saturday. The day was packed with inseparable friends and drowning myself in horses. I was thirteen, with five best friends, the "barn gang," who were as crazy about horses as I was. The memories made between us will stay with me forever.

My mom drove down the gravel driveway as dust and gravel kicked up from the tires. As soon as we passed the gate, six filthy, stinky, wild, barn dogs came howling, like an alarm system. My mom tapped her brakes over and over to avoid hitting the dogs intertwined between the tires. Miraculously they always avoided getting squashed.

Pulling up to the old, dilapidated, lime green barn with its rusty tin roof that sounded like a freight train when it rained, I could feel my excitement building. Another fun day at the barn. I hopped out of the car, said, "Thanks, I love you, and I promise to be careful."

With my leather paddock boots half-tied, my thermos of orange Gatorade in one hand and barn bag filled with carrots, apples, and Cracklin' Oats in the other, I walked down the dusty aisle of the barn, lined with empty, freshly cleaned stalls. The aromas embraced me: fresh sawdust, sweaty leather, dust, sweet oats, alfalfa hay, and of course, manure. I loved it, coming home filthy and smelly after a long day at the barn, and having my mom point straight to the shower.

I took the long hike to the lower paddock where Clover was standing. I stood at the splintered fence and thought how lucky I was, looking at the beautiful red bay mare with two white socks above her hind hoofs, a coal black mane and tail that fell in natural curls, and a sweet, little, white kissable on her soft nose. It was the first day that Clover had been sound from her lameness of a month, and I got to ride her. I always put a carrot in each back pocket of my ratty jeans before getting her. Clover knew this, and nickered as I clucked for her. She grabbed one carrot with her goofy lips, as I slid the leather halter over her soft ears. I took hold of the lead-rope and led her back towards the barn, as she nearly trampled the backs of my boots trying her hardest to get the last carrot from my pocket. I turned and laughed at her elongated neck, stretched as far as it could go. I couldn't resist Clover's sweet, deep brown eyes, so I stopped at the top of the hill and let her get the last carrot from my pocket. After putting Clover in cross-ties, I groomed her for nearly an hour, not because she was dirty, but because I loved loving her. I stroked the soft brush over her rich, red body all the way down her black, slender legs, until her coat glistened. I picked each hoof, wrapped each leg, then tacked her up. The barn gang slowly arrived, one by one, and began the same process with their horses and ponies.

The barn gang had all planned on a trail ride and field race that day. We galloped madly through the trails, jumping over fallen trees and trickling streams, laughing the whole way. We were crazy and had no fear as we galloped out of control through the yellow field. I could feel Clover's body in full motion, each stride growing longer, her head low and her breath in beat to her step, knowing she was going to win, as a retired race horse she always did.

Slowly we trotted the horses back to the barn to cool them down. When we arrived back, we decided to swap each others horses, ride them around the ring and jump them over the course. I got to ride all of my buddies' horses that day.

Sweaty and tired, we still found the energy to give our horses baths and groom them to perfection. The wash-stalls smelled like a horsey salon, shampoo and horse sweat. We turned them back out to their paddocks, and I watched Clover run to the nearest mudhole, to stop, drop and roll. Clover was sure to get both sides fully covered. It must be an instinctual thing for horses, once clean and smelling good, they feel the need to get dirty. Or maybe, it was her way of getting back at me for holding her hostage in the cross-ties for so long.

Next my crazy friends and I had the idea to conquer the huge hay bales that sat on the tip top of a grassy hill, next to the ring. We decided that rolling down the hill upon the bales would be great entertainment, so we did. Yes, the bales that nearly weighed as much as our thirteen-year-old bodies did squash us. The fun didn't stop there. Next we kicked off our shoes and jumped into the freshly delivered sawdust piles. We climbed to the top feeling superior, sparking yet another fun idea. How about climbing the rafters? We got on our paddock boots and began climbing, reaching for the beams that framed the tin roof. While looking down into every stall, we became one with the cobwebs. This put an end to our climbing expedition.

Tired, wet, cold, and filthy but still giggling, the gang decided to retire to the lounge, a place where magnificent friendships were built. If the walls could have talked! It wasn't much, just a couch, two chairs and a Pepsi machine. A Pepsi machine like no other. The machine's purpose? To piss you off. We would kick it and beat it more than we would get drinks out of it. If it wasn't eating your money it, was shorting out. It became the official boxing bag of the lounge.

The group slowly began to dwindle, as parents picked up their filthy, stinky horse-crazed children. It was about seven, and I was the last one left. I went to tuck Clover in as she ate her dinner. I watched as her powerful jaw devoured the feed. While throwing her winter blanket on, I wrapped my arms around her thick neck and felt her nibble at my back. Finally, I saw my mom's headlights shine down the aisle of the barn. I kissed Clover on her kissable and said, "I'll see you tomorrow baby, sleep tight."

I shut off the barn lights and walked down the dark aisle, seeing the black silhouettes of the curious horses poking their heads over their doors. They neighed anxiously as I watched their warm breath hit the cold, night air. In my heart now, I feel that they sensed something was wrong and they were telling me not to leave. We left down the dirt driveway, with me recounting to mom the special day we had rolling down hills, climbing rafters, running barefoot through sawdust, galloping madly for hours, and sharing teen-age secrets.

That night the barn went up in flames like a match and a bottle of kerosene. It burned completely to the ground in ten minutes. Eight horse were consumed by the inferno: Josh, Avalanche, Shaheen, Ernie, Bear, Royal, Maggie, and Clover. I didn't believe it at first, it all happened so fast. I cried myself to sleep that night, holding a picture of Clover. I dreamt of her massive body rearing in fear as flames reflected in her deep brown eyes. It was my lock of domestication that held her from freedom. I couldn't help but think that.

The next morning I was up and dressed in my barn clothes, paddock boots tied and all. My mom began crying when she saw me. "We can't," she told me. I insisted on going out there, I needed to see the reality of the fire. I remember rounding the last corner of the twisty country road and looking for Clover out in her paddock. All I saw was chaos, people everywhere, trailers being filled with terrified horses, while some still ran loose in the woods. I began screaming hysterically. My mom wouldn't drive any closer. I looked at the burned skeleton of what used to be the barn and saw a tractor lifting charred carcasses of the horses. Still standing strong, in the center of the demolished dream, was that damned Pepsi machine.

KATHLEEN KELLEY wrote *That Damned Pepsi Machine* as a way to cope with the tragic loss of her horse to a barn fire. After working on the essay for several years, Kathleen says, "Now the piece is complete, and my heart is at ease."

Kathleen is currently pursuing an associates degree in Studio Arts with plans to obtain a degree in Art Therapy within the next four years from Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado. Her interests encompass all creative things such as painting, sculpture, jewelry making, and pottery. She enjoys "getting messy in the outdoors – mountain biking, horses, four-wheeling, or just running around in the woods." Kathleen tries to always be true to herself and often thinks of the words of rock-climber Kurt Smith: "Forward ever, backwards never, prepare for whatever and always stay clever. Create your own reality and leave mine to me."





Anna stared at the blank computer screen before her, eyes burning from staring too long in poor lighting. She pulled off her reading glasses and rubbed her eyes for a moment, thinking. Anna put on her glasses and resumed staring.

"OK," she mused aloud, "I want to write about a mental patient's trials and being locked up in a hospital." Her thoughts faded after that. She raised her hands to the keyboard, paused, then lowered them back to her lap.

"Why has she been locked up?" She posed. "And is it a 'she'?" Anna chewed on her bottom lip as she searched her mind for something original. Her mind remained a black void, unyielding to any inspiration. She twirled a strand of chestnut brown hair while her cool brown eyes strayed to the phone next to the computer. The image of her friend, Jenny, popped into her mind.

"Call me tonight," she had said at school. Anna quickly reached for the phone, mentally kicking herself for being so forgetful, but the clock stopped her. She decided that Jenny had probably gone to bed by now. She resolved to call her the next day and invite her to dinner. Anna sat back in her chair, positioning herself in front of the screen. Its brightness filled her vision until she was forced to blink and look around the room while green dots traced patterns on the walls.

"Come on." She urged her mind to relax, but it refused to be useful. Anna had done every practice exercise she had been taught in her creative writing class to promote free thought and free-flowing ideas. Her "essay" had turned into a grocery list. Nothing seemed to be helping. The stress of the short story, *which is due in two days*, she thought, only added to her frustration.

Anna's right hand lifted to the computer mouse. She traced lazy circles around the screen. She toyed with the idea of checking her e-mail again, then decided not to. These days she only seemed to receive junk mail from banks and credit card companies. The amount of money these supposed companies threw at her on-line was obscene.

"Anyway," she muttered. "Getting off the subject at hand..." She tried to concentrate on the assignment.

*Well, what was the subject?* She wondered. *With no name, no determined ailment, and no plot!*

"Why a mental patient?" She asked the ceiling as she leaned back in the chair. Anna interlocked her fingers behind her neck and stretched her back. She winced at the wet pops that occurred during the stretch. Anna had recently started visiting the chiropractor regularly due to chronic stiffness and pain in her lower back and neck. It usually posed a problem, limiting the time she could spend typing at the computer. Lately though, the lack of ideas had been the problem.

Anna relaxed her back and allowed her eyes to roam the room once more. The cursor blinked in its insidious, taunting way. The words continued to elude her. Her mind strayed to television shows and movies, then a smile began to curl at the corners of her mouth. A scene from the movie *Throw Mama From The Train* came to mind. The main character, played by Billy Crystal, is a writer with writer's block. In every scene in which the character tries to write, he begins with the same three words: *The night was*. Only, that was as far as he could go. Anna lifted her hands again to the keyboard and typed the same three words.

*The night was*, leaving the anxious cursor blinking at the end. Anna's smile slipped away as she stared at the words, realizing just how much she had in common with the character. She suddenly wished she could remember the end of the movie and how Billy Crystal regained his inspiration. She dropped her eyes to her hands, clasped in her lap and wondered if the mythical Muses actually existed, and if they could help her. Anna recalled an Emily Dickinson poem in which nine Muses were mentioned. She squeezed her eyes shut and prayed for the touch of a Muse at that moment. Anna took a deep breath, slowly exhaled, then opened her eyes.

"Screw it," she whispered, and with a flick of her wrist the computer screen went black, like her mind. She stood and made her way to the back of the house, and eased open the screen door. The distinct howl of her Red-Bone Bloodhound, somewhere in the darkness, floated to her ears.

"Sugar!" She called, then whistled through her front teeth. Almost immediately the sixty-pound black and tan hound hurdled towards her. Anna greeted her with a generous scratch behind the ears.

"Hey baby," she cooed softly. "It's time for bed." The dog understood and jogged down the hallway to the bedroom, where she jumped easily into the queen-sized bed and lay down. Anna climbed into the bed next to the dog, pulling the sheets up to her chin. Somewhere in the back of her mind while she drifted off to sleep, Anna hoped that the Muses would give her an idea.

Anna woke to a soft whining in her ear; Sugar's fuzzy ear tickled her cheek.

"Go away," she groaned. "It's Sunday." Sugar was insistent; her thick, sticky tongue slid across Anna's face. She sat up with a start, wiping at the wetness and throwing the dog an angry look. Sugar only wagged her tail, oblivious to her master's disapproval.

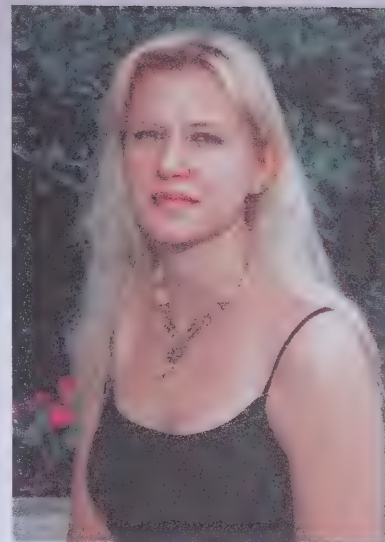
"OK," she said reluctantly. Anna hopped out of bed, searching for her robe; Sugar was already trotting down the hall to the back door. Anna pulled the robe tightly around herself and followed the dog. She opened the door, and the hound went bounding out. Sugar bolted into the wooded back yard, scattering the birds from the thick grass. Inside, Anna filled the dog's food and water bowls and made herself some breakfast. She crunched into a toasted bagel and thought about the short story due the next day.

The bagel went stale in her mouth. She still hadn't gotten a word down...the whole "mental patient" premise wasn't working. *Let's ditch that*, she thought. Besides she didn't know enough about hospitals to write anything good, and like Billy Crystal had said in the movie: "Write what you know."

Sounded like good advice to her, but no new ideas came to mind to replace the discarded one. Anna finished her bagel in silence, inwardly and outwardly. She rose to peer out the window at Sugar playing contently with a weather-beaten stick. Sugar grabbed the stick at one end with her mouth, and with a flick of her neck she sent the stick flying through the air. Then she tore across the yard after it and repeated the whole process.

Anna smiled and resolved to take Sugar to the park. After all, it was a lovely day. Anna cast a weary glance towards the computer. *And it's not like I have things tying me down here!* She thought darkly.

*Maybe there will be something worth writing about at the park*, she tried to be optimistic. *You never know...*



Holly NEHER is working toward an English degree in the College Transfer Program. Her short story *Writer's Block* grew from her own frustration in being unable to come up with an idea for a creative writing assignment. "I had a classmate once who was caught plagiarizing," Holly says. "I imagined what went through her mind and wrote it down." Holly has been writing most of her life and enjoys drawing and painting as well. An avid Scooby-Doo fan, she loves nature and being outdoors, especially in the mountains. Holly sympathizes with her main character's desire to be original and remembers the words of writer William Inge: "What is originality? Undetected plagiarism." Holly says, "It's so true. Every story has already been written, at least once. I'll bet every writer has written about writer's block."



# third place

Anna was growing anxious. While the hound collapsed in the middle of the floor to nap, Anna flipped on the computer screen. *The night was* still waited to be added to. A grim reminder of her lack of inspiration. She abandoned it immediately and went to her room, looking over the titles of books on her dusty bookshelves. A particularly ragged spine stuck out from the rest. She gently pulled it from its spot and recognized it. She had run across this Alfred Hitchcock anthology at an antique store; she had bought it for pennies. It wasn't an antique, only out of print for thirty-something years, but still a find. Anna's passion had always been mysteries, ever since she was small. She began reading the short stories to refresh her numbed mind into writing again.

After reading several stories, she closed the book and began to put it back on the shelf, when she suddenly wondered if her teacher, Ms. McMahon, had ever read these stories. She doubted that anyone in her class was even aware of the Alfred Hitchcock Mystery Anthologies, now that she thought about it. Much less had read any of them...

*It would be so easy to use one of these plots,* she thought idly. Anna quickly set down the book as if it had suddenly become diseased.

"What am I *thinking*!?" She asked herself aloud, but she new full well.

*All I have to do is change the names, mess with the plot a little and use my own wording—it could work.*

Anna's mind whirled with the thoughts she was having. She continued to stare at the book, not wanting to touch it because of the temptation it represented, and yet she couldn't tear her eyes from it.

The title of the anthology, *Choice of Evils*, said it all.

Anna's choices were pretty grim. On one hand she could copy a little—bend the rules a little—or she could hand in nothing on Monday and face a bad grade. *But what were the risks?* She wondered. *To borrow a storyline from an old book that no one had probably even heard of in the last two decades?*

*Hardly a risk,* she reasoned. Anna's stomach twisted. She reached out her hand to take the book, hesitated, then snatched it up.

The next morning Anna turned in the pirated story with shaking hands. She prayed that Ms. McMahon hadn't noticed. The teacher smiled at Anna, nodding slightly for her to set the paper down in front on the desk. Then she checked Anna's name off her list, and her eyes moved mechanically to the next student in line and repeated the whole process.

Anna quietly walked off, her mind screaming the whole way.

Later that night, Anna was making her famous chicken and pasta dinner for Jenny and herself. Jenny was sitting at the kitchen table scratching Sugar behind the ears, while Anna tended to the skillet with her back to them.

"So, what's wrong?" Jenny demanded, out of the blue. Anna wasn't really surprised that Jenny had asked her; she had been uptight about the whole plagiarism thing.

"Nothing really," she lied. There was no way she could tell Jenny about the shameful thing she had done; it would upset her. "Stress, I guess," she added, trying to make her voice light. She gave Jenny a reassuring smile over her shoulder.

"Ohhh," Jenny seemed to remember something. "The short story," she said matter-of-factly.

Anna froze, mid stir. *Does she know something?*

"You were so stressed last week from that stupid thing," Jenny continued. "Did you ever get anything on paper?"

Anna relaxed, resumed stirring.

"Yeah," she gave a noncommittal shrug. She didn't know what to say. Jenny borrowed her books all the time; it's possible she could recognize it.

"Great," Jenny brightened. "I want to read it."

"Maybe later," Anna said smoothly, keeping her back to Jenny so she couldn't see the worry on her face. She carefully stirred while thinking of a good reason as to why Jenny shouldn't see the story, and like before, no ideas came to mind. Anna turned off the stove; the chicken was done. She turned to face Jenny, and her heart sank into her stomach.

Jenny was reading her story. Anna's backpack sat wide open next to the table, on the floor. Anna always kept a copy in her book bag; she had forgotten that the second copy was in there. Jenny hadn't forgotten Anna's habit, though.

"Jenny—," she tried to snatch the story from her but was quickly batted away by Jenny's hands. Anna gave up easily. It was already too late. She sank into the chair across from Jenny and waited for her reaction. She sat resigned, watching Jenny's expression, her eyebrows lifting from time to time, mouth moving silently with the words.

Jenny finished the last page.

Her eyes met Anna's.

"Wow," her face burst into a big smile. "That was one of your best!"

"Really?" Anna couldn't help the shock that invaded her voice. *Doesn't she recognize the story?*

"Yeah, it's really good," Jenny assured her, eyes twinkling as they always did when she was happy. Anna forced a smile and tried to appear modest. She felt a small feeling of relief, but it was short-lived. Anna knew that she would only be free when Ms. McMahon handed back the only other copy of the story.

"You should enter it into the literary contest coming up," Jenny insisted, sounding excited. Anna nodded and acted as if she was giving it some thought.

"I still have some rough spots to smooth out." *Yeah, like plagiarism!* "But I'll think about it," she lied through her teeth. Jenny seemed satisfied so Anna was happy.

The day finally arrived when Ms. McMahon handed back the short stories. Anna was a nervous wreck. She sighed with undeniable relief when Ms. McMahon handed it back with a big red "A" at the top. Anna was so caught up in the liberation that she scarcely heard Ms. McMahon speak.

"...All the stories were very good..." she was saying. "And I hope that all of you will enter the literary contest..."

*No way,* Anna thought with a smirk. *No one will ever see this story again.*

"...I decided to do something different this year, regarding the contest," Ms. McMahon continued. "I took four of the best stories and copied them to submit to the contest, on behalf of the students."

Anna's ears perked up. Ms. McMahon beamed at the class; everyone watched her expectantly.

"Irene, Holly, Chris, and Anna." She began a round of polite golf-clapping; the class joined in. Irene, Holly, and Chris joined in on the clapping too, so as not to appear snobbish. Anna couldn't lift her hands; she couldn't move at all. She could only stare at the thick, red "A" that fell across the title of the short story. She imagined it was reaching up from the paper and choking the life out of her.

## Honorable Mention

**Melissa Sawyer**

*New and Improved PMS*

**Dane Smith**

*The Last Time I Saw Opa*



# COMPUTER ART

## COMPUTER ART JUDGE

MARY BETH CRAWFORD

Mary Beth received her undergraduate degree from Davidson College and her Master of Education from Harvard. A native of Charleston, South Carolina, she has lived in Charlotte since 1991. She serves as Education Coordinator for the Mint Museum and is responsible for coordinating tours as well as maintaining the Mint's "virtual museum." Considering how new digital art is, Mary Beth says she was "impressed with the skill level and depth of the pieces" found in this year's competition.





# first place

Catherine began taking photography courses three years ago, after moving to Charlotte from Durban, South Africa. Married and the mother of two children, she says she has always loved playing with color, reading, poetry, and quotations.

For her piece, *Stages of Enlightenment*, Catherine combined famous quotes with computer images to depict the different stages of a woman's life: wonder, hope, confusion, and wisdom. Catherine says, "I hope that some day, one of my images might inspire someone to follow a dream, to appreciate life more fully, or even to understand themselves a little more." Her favorite quote is by poet Rainer Maria Rilke: "Be patient toward all that is unsolved in your heart and try to love the



*choose well  
your choice brief  
and yet endless  
-Goethe-*



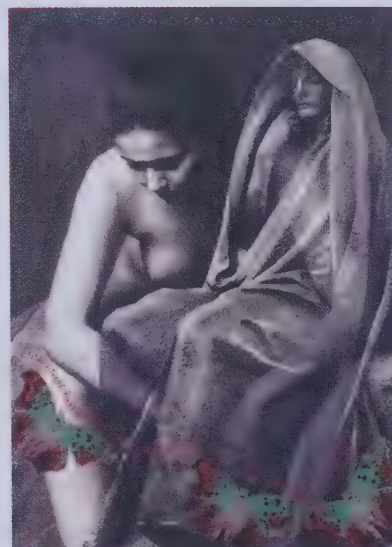
*The best and most beautiful things in the world  
cannot be seen or even touched  
they must be felt with the heart.*

*"Live the questions now."*

*-Rainer Maria Rilke*



questions themselves...The point is to live everything. Live the questions now." Catherine says, "This quote reminds me to live in the moment and appreciate all the lessons along life's journey, because ultimately there is a purpose to each experience life gives us."



*One must have chaos in oneself in order to  
give birth to a dancing star.*

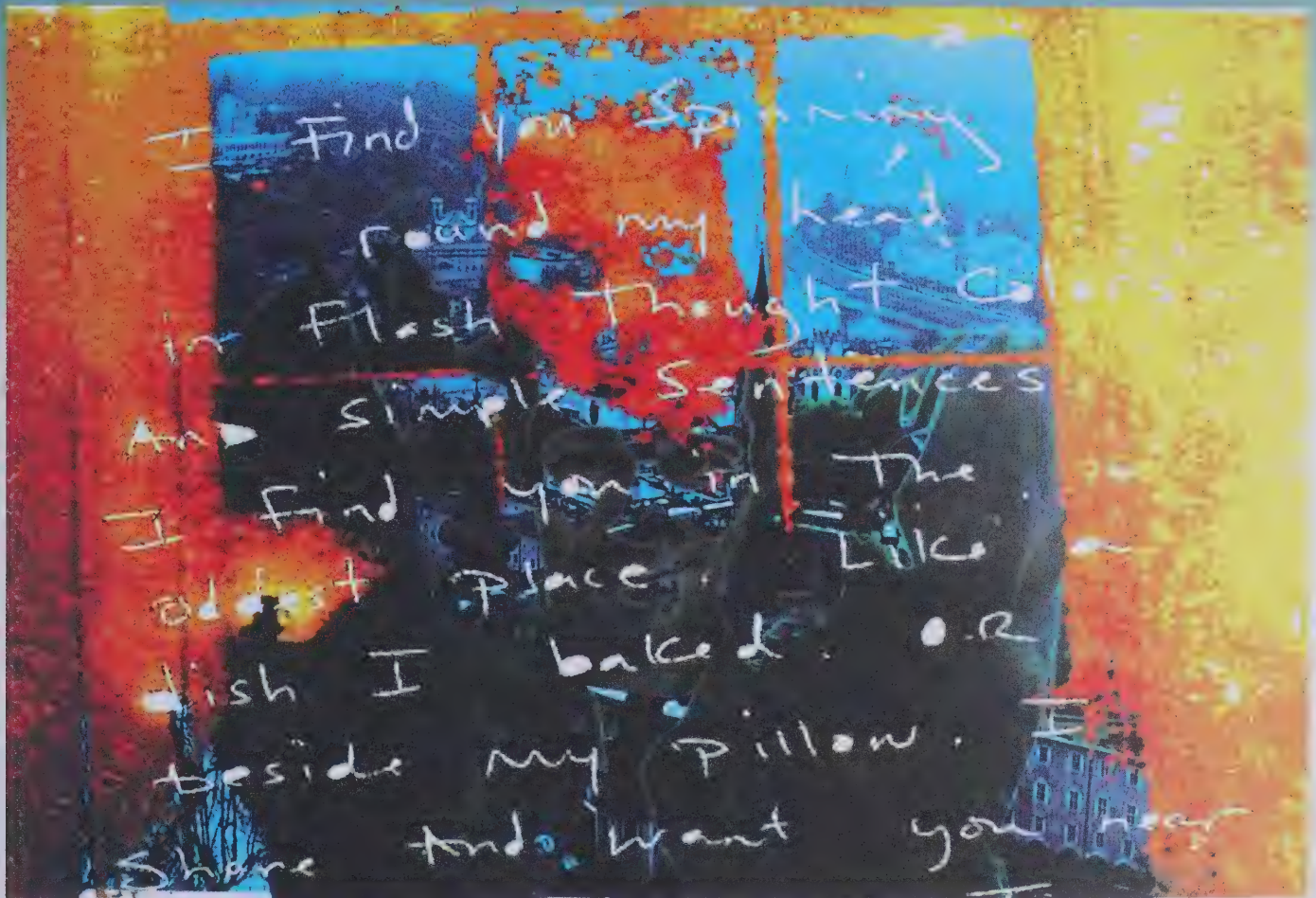
## STAGES OF ENLIGHTENMENT



*What lies behind us, and what lies before us  
are tiny matters,  
compared to what lies within us.*



## I Find You



digital imaging, 11" x 40"

## CHARLES ADKINS, JR.

Charles considers himself a conceptual artist not bound by any medium or form of expression. In the Fall of 2000 he will enter into the Master of Fine Arts Program at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. His piece *I Find You* was created as part of a series while he mourned the loss of his close friend and companion, who died after a long battle with HIV/AIDS. Charles says of the piece: "I combined my text from diary entries with images of the both of us and Salzburg, Austria." In the future Charles hopes to teach art and continue showing his work. He believes in savoring the moment and quotes poet Rainer Maria Rilke: "Isn't it sad that our eyes close? We'd want our eyes always open to have seen, before the end, all that we lose."





# third place

## Alphabet Book



### ANNE HORNE

Anne enjoys designing ads and logos for her classes in the Advertising and Graphic Design Program at CPCC. She says, "It's challenging and fun all at the same time." Anne's idea for *Alphabet Book* started when she was assigned a project for her typography class. Wanting to learn more about digital imaging, she produced the artwork for the book with the computer program *Photoshop*. "I worked very hard to be creative and unique with my creation," Anne says. "I love using *Photoshop*. There are so many things you can do." Anne's other interests include playing softball as well as playing the guitar, which she took up five years ago. Her personal philosophy for life? "Live for the people you love, not just for yourself."



# PHOTOGRAPHY

## PHOTOGRAPHY JUDGE

### MARTHA STRAWN

Martha is a Professor of Art at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. She earned her Master of Fine Arts from Ohio State University and has received many awards including a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship, a Fulbright Fellowship, and a North Carolina Artists Grant. Martha spent nine years researching and photographing alligators in the Florida bayou for her book, *Alligators, A Prehistoric Presence in the American Landscape* (John Hopkins University Press, 1997). Martha says of this year's photography competition: "I was impressed with the diversity and quality coming out of the program."





# PHOTOGRAPHY

*"If they give you ruled paper, write the other way."*

*-Juan Ramon Jiminez*



## KENT KALINA

Kent Kalina earned a degree in medicine from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in 1979. He practiced psychiatry in Charlotte for fifteen years before retiring to pursue a longstanding interest in photography. He has been taking courses at CPCC for two years and says, "Art provides me a medium for expression of my reality, which is necessary for my growth and hopefully can benefit others." Referring to his piece *Crabtree Falls*, Kent says, "Nature is full of beauty, awe, power, stillness, solitude, connectedness, and life-death cycles. Water in motion can evoke varying moods depending on the framing of the scene." He considers good advice these words of poet Juan Ramon Jiminez: "If they give you ruled paper, write the other way." Kent explains, "It's very important for me to think for myself, even if my direction takes me away from others."



CRABTREE FALLS

*first place*



*black and white, 11" x 14"*



# second place

UNTITLED



color print, 8" x 10"



## DEIDRE LUTTS

Deidre's photograph reflects the words of poet William Blake: "And we are put on earth a little space/ That we may learn to bear the beams of love." Deidre says, "This photo captures, I think, (in that instant it takes to snap open the camera eye) those 'beams of love'." She believes our lives are like beams of light, splashing into existence from dark silent wombs. Deidre says, "This photo, too, seems to carry that darkness from which color, texture, geometry almost splash into existence." The red patch reminds her "of blood blossoming in all living things" and "the yellow patches convey sunlight in all its warmth," waiting on the table and chair for "the unknown, unseen Presence" for which the objects themselves seem to also be waiting.



## Rocky Self



black and white, 16" x 20"

## SARA MARTÍNEZ

Sara tries to always surround herself with a creative environment, because it allows her to express herself. She was experimenting with the "idea of inner turmoil and a seemingly calm facade," when she created the self-portrait *Rocky Self*. Enjoying all things artistic, Sara discovered photography this year and plans to stay involved with it in the future. She also enjoys reading and all types of outdoor activities. Currently, Sara is in pursuit of a bachelor degree in International Business and Fine Arts and finds the "motivation to just keep going" in the words of a forgotten author: "To be a star, you must shine your own light, follow your own path and don't worry about the darkness, for that is when the stars shine the brightest."





# HONORABLE MENTION

CENTRAL PIEDMONT COMMUNITY COLLEGE



3005003081

Rich Mt. Rd.



Kent Kalina

*black and white, 8" x 10"*

## Honorable Mention

**Sara Martinez**

*Nature's Backyard*

**Melanie Gotham**

*Sewing*

**Dan Simeone**

*Silent Since*

**Kent Kalina**

*Karoni Swamp*

**Erin O'Leary**

*Cheri*

**Casey Cunningham**

*Snow Day*



## DESIGN EDITOR

*Denise Walters*

Denise is a part-time student in the Graphics Arts Program at CPCC. She's looking forward to graduating next summer with an associate's degree in Advertising and Graphic Design. She is currently working in her field of study as a free-lance artist and is the sole proprietor of ARTIST@LARGE. Denise strives for perfection in everything she does and likes to "get on with it." It's no wonder her favorite saying is: "You can follow the rules, but you don't have to wait for them."



## PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR

*Anita Rich*

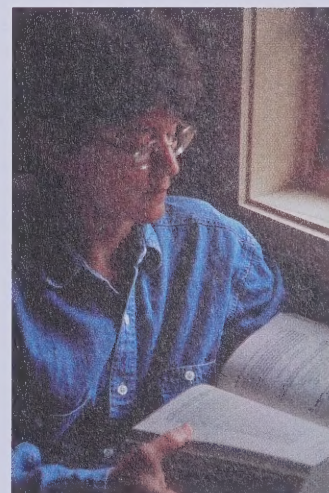
Anita, a native of England, settled in the New World three years ago. Having always enjoyed photography, she has been perfecting her skills with a variety of CPCC photography courses. She recently started her own business, Anita Rich Photography, and specializes in portraits, portfolios and commercial photography. As photography editor, Anita wouldn't settle for good enough and is always looking for that "great shot." That may be why she loves these words of Groucho Marx: "Who are you going to believe, me or your own eyes."



## LITERARY EDITOR

*Melissa Sawyer*

Melissa, a college transfer student since 1996, believes that people should try to maintain a balance in their lives, and so she plays as hard as she works. She loves to laugh and, as literary editor, was often heard laughing hysterically as deadlines approached. As a writer, Melissa agrees with the advice that you should speak as you think, and write as you speak. It's not surprising then that she gets her favorite saying from a bumper sticker: "I'm not suffering from insanity, I'm enjoying every minute of it."



## ADVISOR

*Betsy Summers*

Betsy accepted the job of Advisor to the Keystone staff as a temporary assignment. She recently procured a permanent position as The Student Publications' Advisor and can be found most days in and around the Student Life offices. Betsy has found that what's important is not how much you know, but how you use the knowledge you have. And so she concurs with the wisdom of Albert Einstein: "The imagination is more important than knowledge."





